Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe!
Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathwayes to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing of nothing first created,
O heavie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of well seeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Rom. Why such is loves transgression.
Griefes of my owne lye heavie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a sea nourisht with loving teares:
What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along,
And if you leave me so you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you love?
Rom. What? shall I groane and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no, but sadly tell me who.

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse cousin I doe love a woman.
Ben. I aym'd so neare when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marke-man: and shee's faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you misse; shee'll not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd,
From loves weake childish bow shee lives uncharm'd:
She will not stay the siege of loving tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold:
O she is rich in beauty, onely poore,
That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne that she will still live chast.
Rom. Shee hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
Shee is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow,
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke
Ben. By giving libertie unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more:
These happy Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, put us in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strucken blinde cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. 'Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt.

Exeunt.

Enter